

The Pages—that Is, Sidney, mother and her Aunt Hartake K. LeMoyne, a strange g man, as a roomer because need the money. The addiey need the money. The addi-m to the family is mutually disfactory and presently Sidney, who is eighteen, finds herself one evening telling LeMoyne that she doesn't believe she will marry Joe Drummond, her childsweetheart, after all. Instead, she decides to become a trained nurse now that Aunt Harriet has opened a dressmaking shop downtown—so she goes to ask Dr. Max Wilson, old fam-My acquaintance, to get her into the hospital. And this K. Le-Moyne, he's lovely and polite and all, but there's something dreadfully mysterious about him. denly a whole new phase of life opens upon Sidney. Just read about it in this installment.

## CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

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Men. like jewels, require a setting. A cierk on a high stool, poring over a ledger, is not unimpressive, or a cook over her stove. But place the cook on the stool, poring over the ledger! Docfor Max, who had lived all his life on the edge of Sidney's horizon, now, by the simple changing of her point of view, loomed large and magnificent, Perhaps he knew it. Certainly he stood very erect. Certainly, too, there was considerable manner in the way in which he asked Miss Harrison to go out and close the door behind her.

Sidney's heart, considering what was happening to it, behaved very well.

"For goodness' sake, Sidney," said Doctor Max, "here you are a young

tady and I've never noticed it!" This, of course, was not what he had Intended to say, being staff and all that. But Sidney, visibly palpitant, was very pretty, much prettier than the Harrison girl, beating a tattoo with her heels in the next room.

Doctor Max, belonging to the class of man who settles his tie every time he sees an attractive woman, thrust his hands into the pockets of his long white coat and surveyed her quizzleally.

"Sit down. He said something about the haspital. How's your mother and Aunt Harriet?"

"Very well-that is, mother's never quite well." She was slitting forward on her chair, her wide young eyes on him. "Is that-is your nurse from the hospital here?"

"Yes. But she's not my nurse. She's

"The uniform is so pretty." Poor Sidney! with all the things she had meant to say about a life of service. and that, although she was young, she was terribly in earnest.

"It takes a lot of plugging before one gets the uniform. Look here, Sidney; If you are going to the hospital be cause of the uniform, and with any Idea of soothing fevered brows and all that nonsense-She Interrupted him, deeply flushed,

Indeed, no. She wanted to work. She was young and strong, and surely a pair of willing hands—that was absurd about the uniform. She had no silly fdeas. There was so much to do in the world and she wanted to help. Some people could give money, but she couldn't. She could only offer service, And, partly through earnestness and noticed how inevitable the conversapartly through excitement, she ended a sort of nervous sob, and, going to the window, stood with her back to

He followed her, and, because they were old neighbors, she did not resent when he put his hand on her

"I don't know-of course, if you feel like that about it," he said, "we'll see what can be done. It's hard work, and a good many times it seems futile. They de, you know, in spite of all we can And there are many things that are worse than death-"

His voice trailed off. When he had arted out in his profession, he had had some such ideal of service as this girl beside him. He sighed a little as be turned away.

"I'll speak to the superintendent bout you," he said. "Perhaps you'd like me to show you around adittle." "When? Today?"

He had meant in a month, or a year, It was quite a minute before he re-

"Yes, today, if you say. I'm operat-

ing at four. How about three o'clock?" "Then we'll say at three," she said my, and took an orderly and unflurried departure.

She sent K. a note at noon, with word Tittle at Mrs. McKee's to put it untis plate:

Dear Mr. Le Moyne-I am so excited I se hardly write. Doctor Wilson, the sur-son, is going to take me through the hos-tes this alternoon. Wish me (see, -Sid-

read it, and, perhaps because the hot and his butter soft and mealers" irritable with the ate little or no luncheon. Bet out into the sun, he read nin. To his jenious eyes a of that excursion to the idear, all vibrant eager-

"And so." K. Le Moyne, "you liked it all? It didn't startle you?" "Well, in one way, of com

see, I didn't know it was quite like that: all order and peare and quiet, and white beds and whispers, on top-you know what I mean—and the misery there just the same. Have you ever gone through a hospital?" well, don't you?"

K. Le Moyne was stretched out on he grass, his arms under his head. For this excursion to the end of the street car line he had donned a pair of white finnel trousers and a belted Norfolk coat. Sidney had been divided between pride in his appearance and fear that the Street would deem

At her question he closed his eyes shutting out the peaceful arch of leaves and the bit of blue heaven overrend. He did not reply at once. "Good gracious, I believe he's

sleep!" said Sidney. But he opened his eyes and smiled at

"I've been around hospitals a little, I suppose now there is no question about your going?"

"The superintendent said I was young, but that any protegee of Doctor Wilson's would certainly be given chance."

"It is hard work, night and day." had met life and vanquished it. "Do you think I am afraid of work?" "I've known him all my life," Sid-ney said at last. "You're perfectly "And-Joe?" Sidney colored vigorously and sat right about one thing: I talk about

"He is very silly. He's taken all sorts of idiotic notions in his head. I haven't promised to marry him."

"But he thinks you mean to. If you have quite made up your mind not to, better tell him, don't you think? What -what are these idiotic notions?"

Sidney considered. "For one thing he's jealous of you!" "I see. Of course that is silly, although your attitude toward his sus-

picion is hardly flattering to me!" He smiled up at her. "I told him that I had asked you to

bring me here today. He was furious. And that wasn't all," "No?" "He said I was firting desperately the hospital at all."

with Doctor Wilson. You see, the day we went through the healtal, it was in love with you, things would be dif-hot, and we went to Henderson's for ferent?" soda water. And, of course, Joe was there. It was really dramatic,"

K. Le Moyne was daily gaining the ability to see things from the angle of the Street. A month ago he could have seen no situation in two people, a man and a girl, drinking soda water together, even with a boy lover on the next stool. Now he could view things ed eagerly, and he helped her down. through Joe's tragic eyes. And there



was more than that. All day he had

tion turned to the young surgeon. Sidney's active young brain, turned inward for the first time in her life,

vas still on herself. "Mother is plaintively resigned-and Aunt Harriet has been a trump. She's going to keep her room. It's really up

o you." "To your staying on. Mother trusts you absolutely. I hope you noticed that you got one of the apostle spoons with the custard she sent up to you the other night. And she didn't object to this trip today. Of course, as she

said herself, it isn't as if you were young, or at all wild." In spite of bimself, K. was rather startled. He felt old enough, God knew, but he had always thought of it as an age of the spirit. He rose to his

feet and threw back his fine shoulders. "Aunt Harriet and your mother and Christine and her husband-to-be, whatever his name is-we'll be a happy family. But, I warn you, if I ever hear of Christine's busband getting an apos-

tle spoon-" She smiled up at him. "You are looking very grand today. But you have grass strains on your white trou-Perhaps Katle can take them ters. out.

Oxite suddenly K. felt that thought him too old for such frivolity of dress. It put him on his mettle. "How old do you think I am, Miss

Sidney ?" "Not over forty, I'm sure," "I'm almost thirty. It is middle age, of course, but-it is not senility." Clearly the subject of his years did

not interest her vitally, for she harked back to the grass stains. "I'm afraid you're not saving, as you romised. Those are new clothes, aren't

"No, inuced. Bought years ago in Sugland—the coat in London, the rousers in Bath, on a motor tour. Coat That was a wrong move, of course, cleaning is Sidney must hear about England; and away in the marveled politely, in view of his poverty, shear his being there. Peer and check

erating room was in disorder—toweld steaming sterilizers. Orderlies were going about, carrying out linens, emptying pans. At a table two nurses were cleaning instruments and putting them away in their gians cases. Irrigators were being emptied, sponges recounted and checked off on written lists.

brush; bits of lather flew off on to the tiled floor. His speech was incisive, have really been across the ocean! I never knew but one person who had been abroad. It is Dr. Max Wilson." vigorous. At the he spital they said his nerves were iron; there was no letdown after the day's work. The in-

"To think," said Sidney, "that you

Back again to Doctor Max! Le

"What do you mean?"
"You talk about him rather a lot."

stretched at their feet.

what you have just said."

low river, making noisy pretensions to

both depth and fury. He remembered

just such a river in the Tyrol, with this

same Wilson on a rock, holding the

hand of a pretty Austrian girl, while

he snapped the shutter of a camera.

He had that picture somewhere now;

but the girl was dead, and, of the

three. Wilson was the only one who

him and I think about him. I'm being

candid, because what's the use of be-

ing friends if we're not frank? I ad-

mire him-you'd have to see him in the

hospital, with everyone deferring to

him and all that, to understand. And

when you think of a man like that,

who holds life and death in his hands,

of course you rather thrill. I-I hon-

estly believe that's all there is to it."

"If that's the whole thing, that's

hardly a mad passion." He tried to

"Well, of course, there's this, too.

know he'll never look at me. I'll be

months I'll be only a probationer. He'll

probably never even remember I'm in

"I see. Then, if you thought he was

"If I thought Dr. Max Wilson was in

ove with me," said Si lney solemnly,

To hide the shock with which he

self, already in the throes of a roman-

tie attachment for Wilson, K. suggest-

ed a descent to the river. She accept-

That was another memory that out-

in his; the time she slipped and he

caught her; the pain in her eyes at

"I'm going to be pretty lonely," he

sald, when she had paused in the de-

scent and was taking a stone out of her

ow shoe. "I shall hate to come home

it right." And then, seeing her wince:

Tve been whining all day, For

heaven's sake, don't look like that. If

there's one sort of man I detest more

than another, it's a man who is sorry

for himself. Do you suppose your

mother would object if we stayed out

here at the hotel for supper? I've or-

dered a moon, orange-yellow and extra

"I should hate to have anything or-

"I'll be thrifty as to moons while you

So it was settled. And, as it hap-

pened. Sidney had to stay, anyhow,

For, having perched herself out in the

river on a sugar-loaf rock, she slid,

slowly but with a dreadful inevitabil-

ity, into the water. K. happened to be

looking in another direction. So it oc-

on a rock, fluffy white from head to

feet, entrancingly pretty, and knowing

it, and the next she was standing neck

scream, and trying to be dignified un-

der the rather trying circumstances. K.

To his undying credit, K. Le Moyne

her. He went out on the sugar-loaf,

and lifted, her bodily up its slippery

sides. He had prodigious strength, in

"Well!" said Sidney, when they were

"Not a bit. But horribly unhappy. I

her manners, as the Street had it, she

"There wasn't any danger, really,

And then, suddenly, he burst into de-

lighted laughter, the first, perhaps, for

months. He shook with it, struggled

at the sight of her injured face to re-

strain it, achieved finally a degree of

sobriety by fixing his eves on the river

"When you have quite finished," said

Sidney severely, "perhaps you will take me to the hotel, I dare say I shail

He drew her cautiously to her feet.

Her wet skirts clung to her; her shoes

were sodden and heavy. She clung to

him frantically, her eyes on the river

below. With the touch of her hands

the man's mirth died. He held her very

carefully, very tenderly, as one holds

CHAPTER VI.

Operations were over for the after-

noon. The last case had been wheeled

out of the elevator. The pit of the op-

have to be washed and ironed."

something infinitely precious.

"Thank you for saving me."

unless-unless the river bad risen."

both on the rock, carefully balanced.

"It's fearfully extravagant."

120.

dered and wasted."

"Then we'll stay."

are in the hospital."

been a gentle one.

spite of his leanness.

"Are you cold?"

said primly:

bant

shall drown."

one of his thoughtless remarks.

'I'd go out of my head with toy."

smile; succeeded faintly.

ternes worshiped and feared him. He doyne, unpacking sandwiches from a basket, was proused by a sheer resent-ment to indiscretion. was just, but without mercy. To be able to work like that, so cettainly, with so sure a touch, and to look lik "You like this Wilson chap pretty a Greek god! Wilson's only rival, a gynecologist named O'Hara, got results, too; but he sweated and swore through his operations, was not too This was sheer recklessness, of ourse. He expected fury, annihilation. careful as to asepsis, and looked like a

He did not look up, but busied him-self with the luncheon. When the si-The day had been a hard one. The operating-room nurses were fagged. lence grew oppressive, he ventured to Two or three probationers had been glance toward her. She was leaning sent to help clean up, and a senior orward, her chin cupped in her palms, nurse. Wilson's eyes caught the nurse's staring out over the valley that eyes as she passed him.
"Here, too, Miss Harrison!" he said

"Don't speak to me for a minute or gayly. "Have they set you on my trail?" two," she said. "I'm thinking over With the eyes of the room on her, the girl answered primly: Down through the valley ran a shal-

"I'm to be in your office in the mornings, Doctor Wilson, and anywhere I am needed in the afternoons. "And your vacation?"

"I shall take it when Miss Simpson omes back."

Although he went on at once with his conversation with the interne, he still beard the click of her heels about the room. He had not lost the fact that she had flushed when he spoke to her. The mischief that was latent in him came to the surface. When he had rinsed his hands, he followed her, carrying the towel to where she stood talking to the superintendent of the training school. "Thanks very much, Miss Gregg." he

said. "Everything went off nicely." He was in a magnanimous mood. He smiled at Miss Gregg, who was elderly anasgray, but visibly his creature. "The sponge list, doctor."

He glanced over it, noting accurately sponges prepared, used, turned in. But he missed no gesture of the girl who stood beside Miss Gregg. "All right." He returned the list.

"That was a mighty pretty probationer one of forty nurses; indeed, for three I brought you yesterday." Two small frowning lines appeared

between Miss Harrison's dark brows. He caught them, caught her somber eyes too, and was amused and rather

"She is very young." "Prefer 'em young," said Doctor Max. "Willing to learn at that age. You'll have to watch her, though. You'll have all the internes buzzing around, realized that she was, unknown to her- neglecting business."

Miss Gregg rather fluttered. She was divided between her disapproval of internes at all times and of young probationers generally, and her alleglance to the brilliant surgeon whose lasted the day-her small warm hand word was rapidly becoming law in the hospital. When an emergency of the still in her eyes, Wilson was left alone with Miss Harrison.

> If your daughter were in Sidney's position now, would you fear Dr. Max Wilson's influence over her, or would you be glad she had such a friend in the hospital?

> > \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME NEW TESTS OF DEATH Italian Scientist Has Made Public Methods for Determining When

Life Is Ended. An Italian scientist describes the fol-

lowing three new methods of determining the cessation of life: "The first is the ether test. A drop of ether is instilled into the conjuncival sac of one eye. If this is fol-

lowed by a reddening of the conjunc-

tiva it affords proof that the circulacurred that at one moment Sidney sat tion is intact and that life is still present. The other eye is used as a control "The second test consists in the subcutaneous injection of fluorescin, which, if the individual is still living, deep in water, much too startled to is soon followed by a yellowish coloring of the skin and mucosa. The con-

functiva and the mucous membrane of had not looked around. The splash had the mouth, and particularly of the "If you will be good enough," said frenum of the tongue, show this coloration most distinctly. A negative-result Sidney, with her chin well up, "to give me your hand or a pole or something- is obtained in cases of marked slowing because if the river rises an inch I or enfeeblement of the circulation. "The third test consists in direct exploration of the heart by means of a did not laugh when he turned and saw

stylet. This is introduced through a small incision in one of the intercostal spaces. Any movement in the heart is communicated to the stylet."

Mixed Marriage.

The types will often play pranks with what a reporter tries to say-as, for example, in this extract from an must look a sight." Then, remembering English newspaper: "The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pale bridegroom. She was attended by the hat, and carried a bouquet, the gift of the pink taffeta silk and a large dark-blue bridegroom's two little nieces," No wonder, says London Opinion, the large dark-blue bridegroom turned pale!

Fruit Juice Used in Milk.

Juice of the fruit of the mussarandubn tree, found plentifully in Brazil, is used in many neighborhoods in place of cow's milk. It is sweet to the taste and milky in appearance, but after 24 hours it turns into an clastic mass similar to rubber in its raw state. The fruit possesses nourishing. pectoral and emollient properties.

Keep Calm. Listen to controversies, but do not interfere in them. The Lord beware thee of vehemence and heat, if it be in minutest expressions even. Passion is out of place in any discus and more than ever in a right cause, for it befogs and befuddles it.—Gogol.

The amount of standard twigsten ore used in the manufacture of incancent lamps in the United States this year was in the neighborhood of

LINES THAT MARKED THE **EARLIEST MODELS** 



They give the same impression of luxurious warmth and substantial comtouches in detail of construction and something new in a world of varied

Two examples that can hardly be excelled for beauty and utility are shown. They proclaim the cleverness of their designer inasmuch as they follow the right a coat, which might be made in the body and sleeves in one. It is set small tucks at the back which extend

The latest arrivals in coats have not | model and a happy choice for anyone departed from the liberal lines of early who wants a dressy gown that will models, neither as to length nor width. serve for many occasions. It is unpretentious but it is also elegant, and LAX-FOS is an improved Cascara its design is so simple that the choice Some of them achieve original of color is widened. Where it is to serve for both afternoon and evening trimming and succeed in presenting blue, light gray, taupe, olive green, burgundy and amethyst are good colors that will prove successful in it.

The underskirt and bodice are made of satin and are plain. The georgette skirt is bordered with a anrrow band of velvet headed by a line of silver mode, but by original means. At the braid. Above this a band is embroidered by long stitches in silk floss, any of the popular cloths, is cut with | The crepe is laid in three deep folds and draped over the shoulders, and becleaning-up called her away, doubt to the figure over the shoulders by tween this draping a plain piece of erepe extends across the back and from a square yoke to the top of the front. Narrow bands of needlework sleeves. Wide cuffs, a convertible col- provide the decoration for the bodies. lar, and patch pockets, to which we Short shoulder straps are made of it



CHARMING AFTERNOON GOWN.

are accustomed, are as plain as can | and finished with small pendant balls be and nothing is allowed to divide the attention, which is centered on the general excellence of this design.

A fine combination of cloth and fur shown at the left, is cut on lines that are almost straight, with a bint of definition at the walstline. A little fullness in the body is laid in plaits that disappear in a piping set in at the front. Silk cord and pony skindistinguish this model by way of decoration. The pony skin is trimmed into points along one edge and forms a deep border at the bottom of the coat. The same idea appears in the collar which is almost covered by the pony skin, and in cuffs made entirely of it. Both coats are long and both leave not ing to be desired in the direction of style or comfort.

Georgette crepe embellished with velvet and needlework and brightened with a little touch of silver make up the very pretty afternoon gown which is pictured here. It is an interesting

Way to Break a Habit.

Has your little girl formed the nail-

biting habit? If so, try the plan of

one mother who believed in kindness

of sliver. The bodice shows a little chemisette of embroidered net. A wide flat girdle is made of satin

veiled with georgette and ornamented with a band of needlework. It extends below the waistline, wrapping the figure loosely. The sleeves are full from shoulder to cuff. Here they are shirred to form the deep narrow cuffs that are finished at the hand with a band of needlework.

The but of gold lace, which harmonizes so well with this gown, is bound at the edge of the brim with sealskin and trimmed with a small pompon of this fur. It would be just as pretty made of silver lace, and the fur might be moleskin. The choice will depend upon becomingness to the individual.

the habit was entirely broken and the doll was ever present.- Exchange.

Precious Balm of Gliead.

rather than harshness. Her little girl Among the ancient Jews, so Indis was in at anxious to possess a certain ensable were scents considered for doll which she saw in a toy shop. The the bridal tollet that one-twelfth nother promised it to her on condition the bridal dowry was set apart for mother promised it to her on condition that she would stop biting her nails. She told the child that whenever she forgot herself the doil would disappear for a day. The idea worked Gilead, beautifully. There were days when the doil was locked away, but in time plied. their purchase. The famous balm of Offend was distilled from a bush which formerly covered the mountains of Gliesd, but has of late become so scarce that only the sulain can be sun-

10 CENT "CASCARETS" FOR LIVER AND BOWELS

Sour Stomach, Candy Cathartic.

No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable you are from constipation, indigestion, billousness and sluggish bowels—you always get relief with Cascarets. They immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and polson from the intestines and bowels. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet and head clear for months. They work while you sleep,-Adv.

Rabbit's Rise in Importance.

When we used to go hunting down in the country, quall had to be mighty scarce before we would waste any ammunition on a rabbit. Sometimes, late in the day, we would kill three or four rabbits to give to the watchdogs on the way home to amuse them while we operated in the persimmon orchards, but that was about the extent of our interest in the rabbit. But times have changed. Fried rabbit nowadays has assumed a place alongside of liver and sirioin and prime ribs au jus .- Kansas City Star.

Only about one-tenth of the vast amounts of iron ore mined in Spain annually are utilized at home because of the scarcity of native coal.

SOAP IS STRONGLY ALKALINE and constant use will burn out the scalp. Cleanse the scalp by shampoo-ing with "La Creole" Hair Dressing, and darken, in the natural way, those ugly, grizzly hairs. Price. \$1.00 .- Adv.

Some men are unable to think when drunk or to talk when sober,

## (a tonic-laxative) Pleasant to take

In LAX-FOS the Cascara is improved by icals which increase the efficiency of the Cascara, making it better than ordinary Cascara. LAX-FOS is pleasant to take and does not gripe nor disturb stomach. Adapted to children as well as adults.



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If, in despair, you have tried contly, painful treatments for relief without being cared—don't give up hope—but come. Come to the one place where hundreds of cases just like yours have been cared. Come before blindness clamps you in eternal darkness! Come to this great 50-year-old 'institution with a heart,' that treats painlessly—renderly. Secure the treatment that cure after exerything else has been tried. Talk to the happy patients here yourself. See what the remarkable inexpensive Hairy Treatment is doing for others.

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lunt's lightning oil



To Kill Rats and Mice STEARNS'

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